

FAMILY STARVES FOR "DISCIPLINE."

Private Albers, of the Ninth Regiment, Has Neglected His Drills.

NOW HE IS IN JAIL.

He Will Get Plenty to Eat, but What Will His Family Do?

DELICATE WIFE'S DESPAIR.

A Marshal Came and Took Away the Breadwinner, and She, with Her Babies, Is Helpless.

Peter Albers, a private in Company K, Ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., is in Ludlow Street Jail. He will stay there for the next two weeks unless the fine of \$39 imposed upon him by a regimental court martial is paid. Albers has not fifty cents.

The brunt of the trouble does not fall upon him. He, at least, is given enough to eat. His imprisonment is felt most in a half-lighted little room on the second story of the dingy wooden tenement in the rear of No. 544 West Thirty-sixth street. There Mrs. Albers, without money and with no friends to whom she can appeal, waits almost hopelessly the release of her husband. She is a delicate woman, and even if she were at liberty to hunt for work there is little she could do. But even in this her hands are tied, for claiming her attention are two little children and her husband's aged father. He is too old and too feeble to earn anything to aid the family, and the best he can do is to help in the care of the children.

Albers enlisted in the Ninth Regiment more than five years ago, and were it not for the fines which have been imposed upon him for absence from drill he would already be entitled to his discharge.

When Albers joined the regiment he was a single man. Drills and other regimental duties seemed small things to him then. It would be easy, he thought, to carry out all that would be asked of him. For a time Albers was a good soldier. He was absent from drill. To be sure by that time he was married and found it hard enough work to provide for his wife and baby without paying a part of his scant earnings to the regiment.

But the officers of the regiment knew nothing of this, and a court-martial seemed the proper thing. One was held. Albers' offenses were stated. He was not there to defend himself, and again he was fined. This was last Fall.

A few days later the Marshal, armed with the necessary legal papers, went to the home to arrest him. He found the young soldier sitting beside the bed of his sick wife. His orders were to take Albers to jail. He took him, instead, to the office of Captain Morris, of Company K, to whom he told the story of the scene at Albers' home. Captain Morris would have remitted the fine and let the prisoner go, but he lacked the power. He did the most he could. He reduced the fine and ordered the Marshal to turn his prisoner loose, after the latter had promised to pay the smaller sum as soon as he could earn it.

All that was six months ago, and where Albers had then a wife and one child to care for he now has two more mouths to feed. "It was hard work to make both ends meet then," when Peter had his work and there were not so many mouths to feed. Albers yesterday, "but ever since then it has been getting worse. Work got so slack in the winter that there was nothing for Peter to do and he walked the streets day after day trying to find means of earning enough to buy food for us. When he got home at night it was either too late or the way too worn out to walk down to the armory to drill. And so he didn't go, and I suppose it was neglect of duty."

"Then he got some work, but just as no so he was taken sick with rheumatism. Of late he had found work, and had begun to earn enough so that I thought our troubles were over. Last Monday the Marshal came and arrested him. Now they have taken him to jail, and they say he will have to stay there until he pays the fine or his sentence is ended."

"It is a simple case of neglect of duty on the part of Albers," said Captain Morris last night. "He enlisted and swore that he would perform certain duties. He did not do so. When his case came up for trial he did not appear. Neither did he make any explanation afterwards. So the fine was imposed, for discipline must be preserved."

EASTER BONNET ABLAZE.

Caught Fire on the Head of a Young Woman

Who Was Consulting a Drug Store Directory.

Two young women entered the pharmacy at Myrtle avenue and Fulton street, Brooklyn, last night, about 8:30 o'clock, and politely asked the manager to show them the city directory. Both were handsomely attired in varied dresses and pretty Easter bonnets, ornamented with large, wavy black ostrich feathers. The manager escorted them to the end of the soda counter, where the directory is kept. By the light of the eager lighter they sought to find the desired information.

Suddenly the street door was thrust open by a street gambo, who cried: "Hey, boss, that gal's hat's afire, look!"

Several persons besides the young ladies were in the place at the moment, and hearing the shout of fire, turned hurriedly around, ready to spring for the door. An unusual sight met their gaze. The newly purchased bonnet of one of the women was blazing like a torch. Her companion noticed the burning headpiece at the same time, and uttered a scream as she pointed to the flaming bonnet.

The wearer of the burning bonnet stood still and looked on bulging eyes, while her face became deadly white. The manager ran forward, grabbed the burning bonnet from the frightened woman's head, flung it to the floor and extinguished the flames. One of the customers, a young man, came forward, and customers made himself useful by smothering the sparks that fell about the young lady's dress and threatened to set it on fire. The girl ran forward, grabbed the burning bonnet from the frightened woman's head, flung it to the floor and extinguished the flames. One of the customers, a young man, came forward, and customers made himself useful by smothering the sparks that fell about the young lady's dress and threatened to set it on fire.

The manager picked up the remnants of the ruined bonnet and handed it to her. "I am much obliged to you, sir," she said, with some emotion, as she opened the door, "but you ought to put that old directory further away from that nasty cigarette lighter, where it could be looked at without burning up people's hats."

"She's right, too," added her companion, with a dash of her black eyes.

Is Koster & Blal's to Change?

It is said that at a recent meeting of the directors of Koster & Blal's Music Hall it was decided to transfer the control of the house to Messrs. Weber & Fields. When Mr. Teller, business representative for the proprietors of the Broadway Music Hall, was seen yesterday he said:

"I have been indirectly made to us to assume the management of Koster & Blal's, but yet nothing has been definitely arranged."



SCENE IN THE POVERTY-STRICKEN HOME OF PRIVATE ALBERS, WHO IS IN JAIL FOR NEGLECTING DRILLS.

When this man joined the Ninth Regiment, five years ago, he was unmarried. Now he has a wife, two children and a helpless father dependent upon him. He has been fined for missing company drills, and must stay in Ludlow Street Jail for the next two weeks. His family are in want.

PANIC ON A TROLLEY CAR.

Fuse Blew Out and a Wild Struggle to Get Off Ensued.

ONE WOMAN BADLY HURT

A fuse blew out yesterday afternoon on trolley car No. 340 of the Nassau line in Brooklyn, and as a result of the panic which followed, Mrs. Margaret Zimmerman may die. She is the wife of Frederick Zimmerman, a well-to-do builder of No. 1061 First avenue.

The car was an open one, bound for Coney Island, and was well filled when it left the forries at South Eighth street. More people got on as the car went along. When it turned into Marcy avenue there were more people, and some of the seats were uncomfortably crowded. At Myrtle and Marcy avenues Mrs. Zimmerman got on. She crowded into the third seat. At Vernon avenue a fuse blew out with a terrific report.

Instantly there was a panic. Women and children screamed and made every effort to get off. Confusion reigned, notwithstanding the efforts of the motorman and conductor to calm the excited people.

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Mrs. Zimmerman was carried into a nearby house and an ambulance was summoned. Surgeon Southward, of the Eastern District Hospital, discovered that Mrs. Zimmerman's right leg had been fractured in two places, that she had sustained a possible fracture at the base of the skull, as well as internal injuries. She was taken to her home, where it was said last night she might die.

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The car was an open one, bound for Coney Island, and was well filled when it left the forries at South Eighth street. More people got on as the car went along. When it turned into Marcy avenue there were more people, and some of the seats were uncomfortably crowded. At Myrtle and Marcy avenues Mrs. Zimmerman got on. She crowded into the third seat. At Vernon avenue a fuse blew out with a terrific report.

Instantly there was a panic. Women and children screamed and made every effort to get off. Confusion reigned, notwithstanding the efforts of the motorman and conductor to calm the excited people.

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